

Fire Department.

Life has no Resting-Place.

Among the fatigues of life that are about and within us is the continuity of time. This gives to life one of its most solemn aspects. We may think to ourselves—would there could be some halting-place in life where we could stay, collecting minds, and see the world drift by us. But no; even while you read this, you are pausing to read it. As one of the great French preachers says,—"We are embarked upon a stream, each in his own little boat, which must move uniformly onwards till it ceases to move at all. It is a stream that knows no haven but one." The main object for the historian is to get an insight into the things which have led of, and then to tell them with modesty of a man who is in the presence of great events; and must speak them carefully, simply, and with but little of himself or his affections thrown into the narration.

—Note from Life.

Employment of the Intervals of Life.

Fit objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment that a man can possess. The lives of many persons are an alternation of the one engrossing pursuit and a sort of listless apathy—they are either grinding or doing nothing. Now, to those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid with quiescence. A man should have some pursuits which may be always in his power, and to which he may turn gladly in his hours of recreation. And if the intellect requires thus to be provided with perpetual objects, a man must fit with the affections. Depend upon it, the most fatal ailment is that of the heart. And the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought. —Author Helps.

"I Can Plod."

When Dr. Carr, the great pioneer of mission work in India, first proposed his plans to his father, he said, "William are you mad?" His discouragements in first entering upon his work were very great. What was the secret that enabled the shoemaker's apprentice to become one of the most distinguished men of his age? What brilliant gift raised him from an obscure position to one of honor and fame, as the author of grammars and dictionaries, translations of the Bible, and other books? He either translated or assisted in the completion of twenty-seven versions of Scripture, requiring a knowledge of as many languages or dialects. He tells us the secret. In giving an estimate of his own character, he speaks of himself with Christian humility, but with full consciousness of the honor put upon him in the work he had been permitted to achieve. He says, "I can plod—I can persevere." He does not say as we hear too often now-a-days, "I can manage to get along, and keep up with my class in some way, without much study. I can jump at the meaning of my lessons; or I can catch up a trade without years of labor," but, "I can persevere." Plodding boys, hold up heads! You may seem to be left behind in the race by your companions. But plod on! "The race is not" always "to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

Differences.

The highest style of manhood exhibits valor, courage, strength, and heroic energy, in combination with magnanimity, tenderness, and courtesy. A character thus composed is to be admired, and it may be found in the common walks of life, no less than among the panoplied ranks of warriors.

It is this description of character which is constantly commended in the gospel, and which has been so well illustrated in the lives of apostles, martyrs, and reformers. A manly man will not consent to cultivate only the milder virtues or the softer feelings of his nature. It is his first care to be strong, to be considerate of those who are weaker, that he may bear their burdens, or share the sorrow of their infirmities.

The highest style of womanhood is seen only where womanly tenderness, and gentleness, and sympathy remain ascendant over all power of individual genius, and all strength of intellectual accomplishment. A strong-minded woman who has consumed her sensibilities in the fire of a masculine ambition, may be a wonder to the public, but can never be an angel to the home.

Of these ineradicable differences which separate yet unite the sexes, a wise education must ever take account. Any theory which assumes that boys and girls ought to be and can be shaped in the same mould are false and unnatural. The world wants neither effeminate men nor masculine women. But it does need men who shall blend strength with gentleness; and women, who to all their finer charms of sex, shall add vigor of understanding, wherewith to rule aright over the empire which is all their own.

Philosophical.

We sometimes laugh, despite our disgust, when we see an individual fuming excitedly at a little accident, a stroke of adversity, or any occurrence that might be met with quiet dignity. We have known people whose well-balanced minds could not be thrown off their admirably poised, whatever might assail them. Such a one is my friend Brightly—always reasonable, meeting adversity with a cheery

make-the-best-of-it, that quite robs it of gloom.

"Your colt is running away with the wagon!" exclaimed one to him in a tone of alarm.

"He'll be likely to stop when he gets tired," and the cool owner of the wayward colt trudged on at a moderate pace.

He was urged one Sabbath to get in a quantity of hay that was likely to get wet, but steadily refused.

"It will rot on the ground then," was said in vexation.

"Then there will be a heavier crop another year," was the quiet answer.

He was one day at a fire that some graceless scamp had started in the woods at a time when everything was unusually dry. He had been working hard, with a company of men, two or three hours, trying to stop the spreading flames, when Mr. Royce, the owner of the woodland, came up, puffing and snorting like a steam engine, to the trench which the fierce flames were leaping in a dozen places. Mr. Brightly was digging with all his strength, heated, smoked, and scorched, but inwardly he was calm, sensible, and cheery as usual.

"Can't something be done to stop this fire, Brightly?"

"Doing all we can, Mr. Royce."

"But I want you to understand that there is a great deal of land to be burned over."

"Fire enough to do it Mr. Royce."

"I tell you, Brightly, if the fire gets over this trench, it will take three hundred dollars out of me quicker'n a wink."

"Money's nothing," was the cheery response.—C. C. in Congregationalist.

Farm, and Household.

Look to your Fruit.

To those who have laid away apples or pears for winter use, we would say, look to them often. It is hardly possible to pick and pack fruit so carefully, but that now and then an imperfect specimen will be left in the packages. These imperfect specimens, whether the imperfections arise from a bruise received while handling or from an insect, are more sure to begin to decay within one or two weeks from the time of picking, and if allowed to remain in contact with the perfect fruit, the infection will spread rapidly. Fruit packed away for winter use should be overhauled every two or three weeks, and the decaying ones thrown out or used. By this precaution much loss may often be avoided, and a large bulk of the fruit be kept in perfect condition until late in the season.

Metal Hanging for Walls.

It is now proposed to use hanging made of metal; and an account of this new invention, which comes to us from Paris, has been read before the Society of Arts. The metal employed is tin-foil, in sheets about sixteen feet long, and from thirty to forty inches wide. The sheets are painted and dried at a high temperature, and are then decorated with many different patterns, such as foliage, flowers, geometrical figures, imitations of wood or landscapes. When decorated, the sheets are varnished and again dried, and are then ready for sale. Tin-foil is in itself naturally tough; and the cost laid out in its preparation for the market increases the toughness. The hanging of these metallic sheets is similar to paper-hanging, except that the wall is varnished with a weak kind of varnish, and the sheet applied thereto. Thus in this way a room or a house may be newly painted, without any smell of paint to annoy or harm the inmates.—[Ex.]

Profits of Cranberries.

Cranberry vines do not, as may be commonly supposed, root into the soil. They appear to twine their roots around grasses and moss, propagating from their joints and obtaining their nourishment apparently from the water around their roots. They are strong and hardy, and, if the water is regulated properly, will multiply with astonishing rapidity.

Respecting their value as a product, we have some Munchhausen reports for the year 1873. One gentleman picked from his "best acre" 1,373 bushels, and as the picking cost him one dollar per bushel his income from that one acre was \$2,401.40. Others had a yield of from seven hundred to one thousand bushels per acre. But these are examples of the greatest yields. Some parties average one hundred and thirteen bushels to the acre, others as low as twenty bushels, the latter being marsh just beginning to bear. By the sudden appreciation of the marsh lands producing this article of consumption, many have almost instantly found themselves wealthy. Men who a year or two since, would have taken a couple of or two for all they owned, are now the "heaviest" men known to the bankers of their towns.—[Milwaukee Journal of Commerce.]

Tea Cake.

One pint new milk, two pints flour, two eggs, two tablespoons butter and do. of cream tar.

Biscuit.

Two quarts of flour, one tablespoonful soda, one tablespoonful salt, half teaspoonful oil; mix with cold water, and beat well.

Break the bread in small pieces

and soak in cold milk; when soft, add a little salt, and four or five good butter.

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